

# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1886-87

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# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

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[No. 6.]

## University Gazette.

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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

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### Editorials.

#### VICTORIA HALL.

The citizens of Montreal have as yet made no arrangement for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. In Ottawa, Lady Macdonald, it is said, has originated the idea of erecting a permanent art museum and industrial science college, to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. In our own city we have the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, better known as the McGill University, an institution unsurpassed in the Dominion in any course and unexcelled by any other university in its Medical teaching. What

could be more appropriate than to celebrate the Royal Jubilee by endowing the Royal Institution? At the present time McGill University is sadly in need of extra accommodation, if not for its class-rooms, at least for the students themselves. The many men who come from other parts of the Dominion and from the United States now board in different parts of the city, often at a disagreeable distance from the college, and take their meals wherever they can get them. These boarding houses are under the supervision of the University authorities, yet we feel assured that both parents and faculty would be glad to have the student closer still under the Academic wing. The students themselves are eager for such a change, but the University, though flourishing, is not yet wealthy enough to erect suitable buildings. At the present time the College Y.M.C.A. is collecting funds to erect a building with reading rooms, gymnasium and other conveniences for the students, especially for those who are not natives of the city. Why not add to this building? Let the city show its loyalty to the Queen by building a students' wing to McGill College containing dormitories, dining hall, gymnasium, reading rooms and a science laboratory for the engineering faculty. The building might be erected in front of the Principal's House, as a companion to the Redpath Museum, and contain a large hall fitted for lecturing and convocation. The Molson Hall has had its day. It is a good place for holding examinations in, but is far too small to accommodate the students and those interested in them on convocation day. If McGill had a good lecture hall easily accessible to the public, there would then be no excuse for the lack of lectures by our professors, and a series of discourses might be inaugurated which, delivered by men so capable as are our own professors in their own departments, could not fail to bring the University into greater prominence than now, and redound to an immense intellectual advantage to the citizens of Montreal. The College is cosmopolitan in creed and race, so that there can be no sectarian or race cry raised against the proposal of commemorating the Queen's Jubilee by the erection of a Students' building in connection with our University. The loyalty of English men of wealth has already shown itself in the endowment of colleges, one having received from one person the sum of £15,000 to erect a Jubilee building.



## OBITUARY.

We record with deep regret the death of Mr. J. H. Rodgers, one of our graduates, and late member of the firm of Leet, Smith & Rodgers. When a boy at school he had the misfortune to be struck by the master with a heavy ruler on the thigh bone. Shortly after the bone became diseased, and at intervals he was troubled with it. This, however, was never serious enough to prevent his participating in athletic sports, including football, of which he was one of the best players in the city. On Thanksgiving Day he went out shooting, tramping through the bush and covering many miles over a heavy country. Since then the disease broke out with increased virulence, and the doctors in attendance decided that the leg would have to be amputated at the thigh. Mr. Rodgers was too weak to undergo the operation, which was delayed, and efforts made to build up his strength. He had been delirious for some time past, and died on Saturday night, Jan. 8th, without recovering consciousness. The funeral took place on Monday. His *confrères* at the bar and his many friends heard of his death with deep regret.

## Poetry.

## TENNYSON.

The noble lion groweth old,  
The weight of years his eyesight dims  
And strength deserts his mighty limbs  
His once warm blood runs slow and cold.

The sunlight of another day  
Slants through the jungle's tangled mass.  
He marks the shadows, but, alas!  
Sees not the sun among them play.

His massive head lies buried deep  
Between his paws; his reign is o'er;  
His great voice stirs the world no more,  
And round his lair the jackals creep.

They scent their prey, and with the joy  
Of meaner natures, far and wide  
From deep obscurity they glide,  
The dying monarch to annoy.

With naked fangs they circle round  
And snarl and bark, until once more  
The thicket quivers at his roar  
And all their paltry yelps are drowned.

The woodland with his voice is thrilled,  
Though hope abandoned mars the strain.  
But echoes cease, and then again  
With jackal barks the air is filled.

Though dying, he is royal yet:  
Even now, earth does not hold his peer.  
Bark! jackals, bark! ere dies the year  
The world your tumult will forget.

ARTHUR WEIR.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; *just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury box, gentlemen.*" That lawyer did not win his case, and he thought the jurors were very pig-headed.

## Contributions.

## A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

*Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.*

## CHAP. VI.

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone.—*Burns.*Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.—*Pope.*

"Well," said Clooney, "one of us had better stay on guard while the other hunts for a bobby. I'll stay here; I'm lazy, you know, and you hurry off. This bar may be useful if any burglar turns up, so I'll keep it."

It was about the only thing to do, and I set off on what is usually a long quest. Fortunately I found a policeman after a quarter of an hour, and after explaining the facts to him, he consented to extend his beat to take in the house where Clooney was on guard. We were just turning the corner to come into Sherbrooke street when we heard cries for help and the sound of a fight in progress. We broke into a run, and saw Clooney struggling with two men before the house. As we got close, I saw Clooney raise his hand with the iron bar in it and bring it down heavily upon one of his antagonists, but the other, hearing our approaching footsteps, redoubled his efforts to escape, and I just caught the gleam of a weapon as he drove it into Clooney's side. In another instant we were upon the scene, but the burglar, taking advantage of Clooney's relaxing grip, tore himself away and fled at a speed that defied pursuit by the already winded policeman. Clooney pressed his hand to his wound and would have fallen only that I caught him in my arms.

"Too late, old boy," he whispered, "I had all the fun to myself. I've laid out one but the other has settled me."

In the meantime the neighborhood was aroused. The master of the house that had been burglarized came down to the street airily attired in a night-shirt and a gas-pipe, and excitedly demanded what was the matter. I was busy staunching Clooney's wound, and the policeman took it upon himself to explain.

"Matter, is it, your honor? Sure them spalpeens has been thrying to rob your manshin. If it hadn't been for them gentlemen there"—pointing to us—"you would all have wakened up dead in the morning. Troth, it's an illigant knock he gave him, the darlint. I couldn't have done it better meself, and I sarved two years under Capt. Williams in New York." The bewildered householder looked from one to the other of us, and I called him hurriedly.

"Sir," I said, "my friend has received a stab in saving your house from burglars. I hope you will have him taken into your house and cared for until I can get a carriage and take him to his home."

"Bless my soul, yes," responded the gentleman, "let us take him in at once. And this other?" he enquired.



"Oi'll take charge of *him*, sor," said the policeman. "If some one will kape his oi on him whilst oi carry the young gintleman into the house. Sure 't'was a nate blow," he muttered, "double compound fracture of the Sarah Bellum, or me name's not Patrick McDonahue, and Father Rourke says it is."

A little crowd had gathered, and Clooney was gently lifted and borne into the house, while McDonahue, having secured a cab, bore his prisoner off to the hospital. A physician was summoned and declared Clooney's wound to be very serious, and gave positive orders that he was not to be moved on any account. When I left, Clooney was conscious and bade me cheer up and visit him every day. I saw that he was in kind hands and would be treated better where he was than even at his lodgings. I returned to the house as early next morning as was consistent with decorum, and was ushered into the room where Clooney lay. He was in a high fever and quite delirious, shouting my name one moment and the next sinking his voice to a whisper of intense entreaty for Edith. I had not been long in the room when the lady of the house entered, and I rose to meet her.

*It was Mrs. Mayflower.*

I started back and muttered, "Holy Moses, here's a go." The language was more forcible than elegant, but exactly respresented my thoughts, and as this is a truthful tale the words must stand. Now Mrs. Mayflower did not know me, so I recovered in a few moments and introduced myself. I expressed my regret that Clooney was billeted upon her and received her sincere assurance that she was delighted to be of service to one who had suffered in saving her house from burglars. But on my part the conversation was entirely mechanical and independent of my thoughts. Here was Clooney, as unconscious of his surroundings as an oyster, singing snatches of college songs, reciting Greek and Latin, and interspersing all with endearing phrases addressed to the daughter of the grave lady standing at his bedside. And at this moment, to cap the climax, Miss Mayflower herself entered with a jelly or something of the kind that the doctor had allowed Clooney, and saw me.

We looked at one another for a moment in astonishment, and her mother, thinking we had never met before, hastened to introduce us. But Miss Mayflower set down her tray, and with a slight blush advanced to meet me with her hand extended.

"We need no introduction, mama, Mr. — and I are quite friends. Is it a friend of yours," she asked me, "who was hurt last night?"

"My chum," I replied, somewhat huskily, I am afraid. "We were together. He was going home to-day."

"You do not mean Mr. Blake, surely! I know Mr. Blake by sight and reputation, but did not recognise him, if it is he."

Which might well have happened, since poor Clooney was flushed with fever and his wavy hair fell in an uncombed tangle over his forehead.

"It is Blake," I replied, turning to the bed again, where Mrs. Mayflower was seated, moistening Clooney's lips with the jelly. Clooney scarcely heeded her, but his fingers rambled tremblingly over her hand

and he continued to talk incoherently. One or two sentences we caught.

"Edith! Edith! why wont you look at me?" And again, "They are traitors to me."

"He has been going on like that all morning," said Mrs. Mayflower. "'Edith' seems always on his tongue. Do you know who Edith is, Mr. —?"

"Oh, ah, his sister, I think. Yes, his youngest sister, Mrs. Mayflower," I replied.

All this time Miss Mayflower was sitting demurely by her mother. I could not be sure whether *she* had guessed who "Edith" was, but somehow I thought she did, especially as she said:

"What a strange brother he must be! He seems dying to kiss his sister and to speak to her. Are all brothers like that, Mr. —? I thought such expressions were reserved for other people's sisters."

I flushed up, and was about to answer her when Clooney burst into song:

"A pretty mermaid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand,  
her hand,  
And I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid."

Almost immediately after this, the doctor came in and ordered us all out of the room, except Mrs. Mayflower. Miss Mayflower and I conversed about the affray until the doctor and Mrs. Mayflower came out. The doctor drew me aside and said:—

"He is getting on as well as can be expected, but in so serious a case it will be better if his friends are warned. You had better telegraph his mother. Mrs. Mayflower has put a room at her disposal and would be very glad to get the responsibility of the nursing off her hands. She is a mother, you know, and can sympathize with one. I do not apprehend danger, but the case is serious."

I telegraphed as I was advised, and Mrs. Blake at once came to the city. She was accompanied by her husband and daughter. Our boarding-house was now empty, and Clooney's rooms and mine being the best suite I gave them up to Mr. Blake and Lulu, as his daughter was named, and took another for myself. Mrs. Blake accepted a room at the Mayflowers'. Mr. Blake and I became quite intimate, and together we did the city. Miss Lulu often accompanied us, and I devoted as much of my time as possible to her, in order to keep her mind off her brother's danger. Careful nursing and a strong constitution brought Clooney slowly round, and a few days after consciousness had returned. Mrs. Blake prepared for his removal. But Mrs. Mayflower put her foot down. "He was not to leave her house," she said, "until he walked from it. He had suffered for them, and the least they could do in return was to protect him against the discomforts of a boarding-house, and secure him the comforts of a home." So Clooney remained. I think that much of Mrs. Mayflower's kindness was due to her having fallen in love with his mother.

One morning when I called to pay my usual visit to Clooney, I was surprised to see him propped up with cushions in the sitting-room listening to no less a personage than Miss Edith Mayflower as she read in the usual girlish monotone from 'The Virginians.' He



was only a ghost of his former self, but I doubt if a ghost ever bore so contented an expression as he did. He flushed a little beneath my quizzing glance and greeted me with a slight—very slight tone of annoyance. I have always observed that as a man falls in love, and things go smoothly, he deserts his male friends and even finds them in the way.

"Who excuseth himself, accuseth himself," I thought, as Miss Mayflower hastily volunteered the information that her mother and Mrs. Blake had gone out, and had sent her upstairs to keep Mr. Blake from being lonesome. However, it was none of my business whether these two made love or not: mind you, I have not said they did, so I asked for Miss Lulu, having brought her a piece of *Eözoon Canadense*, then a greater rarity than now.

"She had gone for a book to the library. Shall I call her?" said Miss Mayflower.

I did not want to disturb her, so I said I would go myself. When Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Mayflower returned, the former announced her decision to carry Clooney off home in a week's time. There could be no possible objection to this, even Clooney saw that, and after seeing them all safely on the Quebec train—they were going from Quebec by boat—Mrs. and Miss Mayflower and I parted. I went to my country home, and whether I thought of Clooney, his sister, or even Miss Mayflower in the intervals of *dolce far niente* that interrupted my summer studies, is of no present interest to the reader.

(To be continued.)

## EDUCATION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

In any country the elaboration and putting into practice of the best possible educational system is a matter of the utmost difficulty. But in a country such as that in which we live, where the people are divided into classes, upon lines of race, language and religion, such difficulties are enormously augmented. We are confronted in this Province with two systems of education, little resembling each other, I might almost say hostile one to the other. The partizans of each system are uncompromising, not only believing their own system the best, but even believing the other radically bad. If the scope of education did not reach farther than the individual, this state of things might not be of so pernicious a character. But education has a much wider scope. In the matter of education the State regards the individual, not as the ultimate object of its care, but rather as being one of the members of the body corporate, that is, of the nation. It is, undoubtedly, of high importance to any individual that he should receive a liberal education, but the State is not interested in that. The State assists education in order to advance its own material, intellectual, and moral condition. The State, therefore, will desire that all educational forces should operate in the same direction. The State may be compared to a huge ball upon which many forces are operating. The resultant direction and the rate of progress will depend upon the energy and direction of individual forces. If two equal forces act upon a body at right angles, the resultant will be

half-way between, but much less force applied in the direction actually attained would have accomplished the same result. Now, applying this analogy to the educational problem which we have to work out in this country, I would say that secular education stands at the head of all the progressive forces, which can be applied to our national life.

The Protestant education and the Catholic are divergent from each other at least to the extent of ninety degrees (to apply such measurements to things which cannot be measured). The total result is not half what would be secured by the application of these forces in the same line. But what remedy can be proposed? If each party is determined to pull off in the same line, the tendency will clearly be to increase the angle of divergence and so diminish the nett progress. To abandon this analogy, and say that I think it is a shame, that after a hundred years of government of this country under the British flag, there should exist here to-day two distinct peoples, without any common aims or aspirations, mutually distrustful the one of the other. This condition of things constitutes, to my mind, an uncontradictable proof of failure in the government of this country. What is it that keeps the people of this country isolated the one from the other? It is, undoubtedly, that which created confusion in Babel—the difference of tongues. Differences of race and religion do, undoubtedly, contribute to the same result, but, in my judgment, only in a comparatively small degree. Without community of language, it is almost impossible that social relations should exist, and, perhaps, altogether impossible that intimate friendships should be formed. As matters have been for a hundred years, and are now going on, we never will attain homogeneity. The cultivation of the one race does not act upon the other; there are no points of contact. The result is, undoubtedly, an immense loss of civilizing power. The conclusion I am coming to is this, that supposing it to be true, as we think it certainly is, that our English educational methods are much superior to those of our French fellow-citizens, that we are walking in the higher paths, it would be better, if it be possible, to discover a path which all can pursue, a system which all can adopt, that we should adopt lower ground, that we should accept inferior methods, in order to advance the whole of our citizens upon common lines. We would thus be in a position to receive any beneficial influence that the civilization of our French fellow-citizens is capable of imparting to us, and we would also be in a position to exercise any influence which our own intellectual strength and activity would give us the right to expect. I do not intend at present to pursue this subject into any detail, but I shall indicate one preliminary requisite, viz., a common language, or rather, for the time being, at least, two common languages, as a single one is, obviously, at present impossible. The necessity of a common language, with respect to its effect on national progress, was early recognized, and that by some of the most distinguished French-Canadians of the time. The very first debate which occurred in our first representative assembly in 1791 (composed of fifteen English mem-



bers and thirty-four French) concerned the use of a common language. Although the large majority of that body was French, the question raised was—not whether the English language should be used, but whether it should be exclusively used. Every English member voted for the sole use of English, and they were joined by several French members of distinction. P. L. Panet, a name well-known in Canadian history, addressing the assembly, said:—"I maintain that we ought to choose a Speaker capable of speaking equally the two languages. Is it in French or in English that he must address the Governor? To resolve this question I demand if this colony is French or English? What language is spoken by the Sovereign and the Parliament from whom we hold our constitution? What is, in general, the language of the Empire? What is that of a portion of our co-citizens? What will be that of Canadians and of the inhabitants of the whole Province at a future date? I am a Canadian, the son of a Canadian; my language is the French language, but in consequence of the divisions which have existed among us, I have only been able to acquire a very imperfect knowledge of English, so that my present opinion will not be taken as interested. I am of opinion that it is an absolute necessity that in the course of time the Canadians should adopt the English language, as the only means of dissipating the suspicions and aversions that the difference of language maintains between two peoples, united by circumstances and obliged to live together."

On the other side, Mr. Joseph Papineau (also an historical name) exclaimed:—"Is it because Canada forms part of the British Empire; is it because the Canadians do not speak the language of the inhabitants on the banks of the Thames, that they must be deprived of their rights?" M. de Lotbinière, in the midst of profound attention, remarked as follows:—"The greater number of our electors finding themselves in a peculiar situation, we are obliged to depart from the ordinary rules, and to claim the use of a language which is not that of the Empire. But as just towards others as we hope they will be towards us, we do not wish that our language should exclude that of the other subjects of His Majesty. We demand that both should be permitted, and our proceedings should be recorded in the two languages."

M. de Rocheblare said:—"Why, then, are our English brethren angry in seeing us determined to conserve our customs, our laws, and our maternal language, the only means which remains to us, to defend our property? Would the sterile honour of seeing their language predominant, carry them to the point of taking away the force and energy of those laws, usages, and customs which form the security of their own fortune? Masters, without competition, of the commerce which our productions yield them, have they not infinitely to lose, in the general confusion which this injustice would infallibly produce."

As a result, the two languages have been used in official documents ever since, but the common use of both has not spread from the Parliament and the Court to the people, and the suspicions and aversions

which Panet foresaw as the result of difference of language, are maintained and accentuated. It is now clearly impossible to expect that a choice of one language should be made, but I do not think it impossible that we should overcome and dissipate the "suspicions and aversions" by the use of two. I venture to say, that to take the schools in the City of Montreal under the control of the Protestant Board as an example, a large percentage of the time of the children is taken up with a variety of subjects, the educational value of which is practically nil. I do not say that useless information is imparted, but I think the function of the school is not so much to impart information as to train the mind. I would have many of these subjects deferred to a later stage or relegated to the University. I would put French on a par with English, and have it taught as English is taught. It should be an essential qualification in a teacher to speak with fluency both languages. The studies, other than languages, should be conducted partly from English and partly from French textbooks, and the children should be required to give their answers indifferently in either language. I feel sure that there would prove to be no difficulty in teaching English-speaking children, so that at the age of twelve they could indifferently and with equal facility use in conversation either English or French, and that result could be accomplished without seriously weakening general education. I do not propose to enter further into detail, but I close by saying that the increase of influence which our young men would have in the community, if so educated, would be simply incalculable. X.

## HOW WE CLEARED HIM.

### A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

*Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.*

"Is science ever of any use to us?" asked the detective. "Well, sometimes it is, when we know enough about it to use it well. But we generally leave it to specialists. Of course, we have the electric detector, such as that in the *Star* office safe, and such things, but in the whole course of my professional career I remember only one or two cases in which we were helped out-and-out by science. Tell you about them? Well, yes, I've got a spare half-hour, and since you reporters help us a good deal, I'll give you an item." So saying, Detective K—, of the Montreal force, leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, and clasped his hands to nurse the uppermost knee.

"It was in the Fall of 18—, that I was called upon to act in a murder case. I was sitting here in the office one morning when a young lady came in, and asked me if Officer K— was in. I made myself known to her, and then she told me one of the queerest tales I ever heard. It seems that two young merchants, of this city, had fallen in love with her, and although they had previously been the best of friends, a coolness naturally arose between them. They still associated with one another, however, to a



certain extent; but now and then, when her name was mentioned, hot words would be exchanged. It seems that this had gone on for some months, when one of them, Mr. Preston, disappeared. He had been last seen with Mr. Edmonds, and as he failed to turn up, the latter was arrested on suspicion of foul play. At the preliminary examination it was proved that they had been seen quarrelling near Bout de L'Isle, whither they had gone fishing. Edmonds acknowledged this, but said that Preston had left him on account of the quarrel and returned to the city. As no one had seen Preston, Edmonds was committed for trial.

"By the way the girl spoke, I soon saw that she was head-over-ears in love with Edmonds, and as she was pretty and in trouble, she enlisted my sympathy. I told her that until Preston was found, Edmonds could not be convicted, and promised to help her to the best of my ability to clear her lover of the suspicions now held against him. She hinted that, as Preston knew her feelings, he might have gone off on purpose to fasten suspicion on Edmonds, and insisted upon my going to New York and other places in search of him. Now, there was some plausibility in this, as Preston was known to have had money on him, more than one usually takes on fishing excursions. So, after hunting in vain through the books of the various steamship companies, I started for New York.

"I hadn't been there two days before I received a telegram from my assistant, saying that Preston's murdered body had been found in the river, near Bout de L'Isle. This shattered my faith in Edmonds; so, pitying the girl, and wondering why men will commit any crime for love, I returned home. I was scarcely home an hour, when in rushed my young lady again in a most woeful plight.

" 'Oh! Mr. K——,' she cried, 'they have found Mr. Preston, and George is to be tried for his murder.'

"Well, sir, I was nonplussed. I believed in my heart that Edmonds was guilty, and there stood the girl, like a young tigress, storming at the imbecility of mankind in thinking her lover a murderer. I tried to shake her faith as much as I dared, telling her what a terrible thing jealousy is, and hinting that a man might well think a crime no obstacle to winning such a person as she. But she would not hear me out. She flew into a passion, and told me I was a fool and no detective, or I would have known her George was incapable of crime. And then she burst into tears, saying her family had deserted her, and that there was no one to help her or stir himself in Edmonds' behalf.

"I do not mind a woman's storm as long as it is only wind and thunder and lightning, but when it rains I'm no use. You'd think I was sugar, water melts me so easily. So what did I do but promise to move heaven and earth to save Edmonds, and stake my reputation upon the success of my endeavours. She had offered me a liberal reward, but I was not prepared for the reward she gave me when I promised this. She jumped up out of her chair, and, flinging her arms around my neck, kissed me. Yes, sir, she did; but you are the first person I have told that to.

"That afternoon I went down to the inquest on Preston's body. The coroner was just examining the doctor, who made the *post-mortem* examination, when I got there. The doctor said that Preston had been struck with a stone, a small piece of which had remained in the wound. He produced the piece, which the jury examined, reluctantly on the part of some, and it was given to the coroner for deposit in court. I was also permitted to look at it, which I did, listlessly, and from mere habit. It was a piece of limestone, with what looked like a shell in it. It cast no light upon the murder. This was all plain enough, and considering that the body had been found near where Preston and Edmonds had last been seen together, the case seemed hopeless for Edmonds, against whom a verdict of wilful murder was returned. After the inquest, a strange desire to see the body came over me. The doctor was willing to show it to me, and together we entered the morgue, where it lay.

"We spoke for a time about the articles found on the body, which had evidently been robbed, the probable time that had elapsed since death, and then the instrument.

" 'A bad case,' said the doctor, 'and it will go hard with Edmonds. But why should he rifle the body?'

" 'Probably to put people off the track,' I replied.

" 'The blow must have been a terrible one,' said the physician, 'for no light blow would have broken the rock with which he was struck.'

"I thanked the doctor for his kindness, left the place, and proceeded to the prison in which Edmonds was confined. The warden knew me, and admitted me to Edmonds' cell, where I found the poor fellow in a dreadful state.

"All his friends had deserted him, as was natural under the circumstances, and he was broken down by their refusal to believe him innocent. He told me his story readily enough, although I had not told him in whose employ I was, but I learnt nothing new, except that the fishing excursion had been hastily arranged; indeed, that Preston, who had been going to the Island on a geological tour, for he was a bit of a scientist, met Edmonds at Vincent's wharf, and accepted an invitation to go to Bout de L'Isle instead.

" 'Did you know he had money on him?' I asked.

" 'Yes, he said that he had just received some conscience-money from an absconding clerk, but did not tell me how much.'

"This was all I learned, so telling him the result of the inquest, and urging him to plead self-defence if he had really killed Preston, I left.

"For days I haunted the Island for a clue to the murder, but in vain. Nor could I discover the whereabouts of the absconding clerk to verify Edmonds' statement about the money, and thus in some measure authenticate his other assertions, for he still declared that he knew nothing of the murder. I would have given up my search in despair, only that I remembered my promise to Miss Gordon, and was too proud to own myself baffled. Besides, she haunted my office day after day, until my wife began to get jealous. Poor young lady, how pale she grew during those days of 'hope deferred!' I would sometimes



have been willing to take Edmonds' place to save her from worry, only that I had a family of my own, and, besides, the law had to take its course.

"Well, to make a long story short, the day of the trial came, without my having got any nearer the end I had in view. In spite of his lawyer's advice, Edmonds persisted in denying the killing of Preston, and I believed him innocent, though I sometimes tended to accept the lawyer's idea of the case, and put the murder down to 'unconscious criminality during a severe fit of mental aberration,' or, in other words, that he killed Preston when crazy with rage, and did not remember the fact when reason returned. I remember it was on Thursday that the trial came off. I had just got through a late breakfast, and was about to go down to the office, when Miss Gordon was announced. She had never before called at the house, and I knew at once that something was up. Her face was white and fixed like that of a statue, and her voice was strained and harsh as she asked:

"Is there anything new?"

"I shook my head, not daring to speak.

"There is no hope, then, for his trial is to-day?"

"I was still silent. Her fingers plucked nervously at the fur of her muff, and I ventured a side-glance at her. Then she spoke again.

"Tell me what you have done."

"So I told her of my daily hunt for the absent clerk—a forlorn hope; of the scrutiny of the Island until winter set in, and of the aimless search for the unknown murderer. Then she made me tell her the whole case over again from the start, and listened in stony silence as I went on. I passed over the description of the discovery and condition of the corpse, as I had always done in the many other accounts I had given her, for this was an old question of hers.

"She sighed wearily, and rose as if to go. Suddenly, as an animal driven to bay turns to any loophole that presents itself, she turned to me and said:

"You saw the body, sir. Describe it to me."

"I stared at her. She passed her hand across her forehead.

"I am not crazy, Mr. K—, though, heaven knows, I might well be. Perhaps it was not Mr. Preston whom you found, or he may have been drowned."

"Indeed, Miss Gordon, it was Mr. Preston, and he was murdered," I replied. "A small fragment of the rock, which caused his death, was still in the wound when he was found."

"A piece of rock," she repeated. "Was it kept?"

"Yes, it was deposited in court. You can see it by asking permission, or, if you will go with me, I will show it to you."

"Of what use would that be?" she exclaimed.

"I leaned my head upon my hand and tried to think of some plan to save Edmonds.

"A faint click, whose sound seemed familiar, made me look up. When I did so, I was horror-stricken. Miss Gordon was facing me, smiling a little, with her hand to her bosom, where, for the first time, I saw the butt-end of a revolver showing. Before I could rise she drew the weapon out and presented it at her heart.

"One moment, Mr. K—," she said; "if you rise, I fire. You have done your best, I suppose, and failed. I cannot live to see him sentenced. Tell him I did my best for him."

"While she had been speaking, the door behind her was opened, unknown to her, and two gentlemen entered. One of them seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance, and, just as her finger tightened on the trigger, sprang forwards and wrenched the pistol from her hand. It was discharged in the struggle, but the bullet found a less precious billet in the wall above her head. I had no time to ask any questions, for Miss Gordon went off into hysterics and fought like a maniac. It needed my wife's assistance to quiet her, which we succeeded in doing after some time, and she was taken to another room.

"It turned out that the gentlemen were Miss Gordon's father and brother, and that, having missed her, and fearing for her reason on that trying day, they had set out in search of her. A friend had directed them to me, and they arrived at my house just in time to save her from suicide.

"While young Mr. Gordon and I were conversing, his father, who had gone to see his daughter, returned. His face was very grave.

"Charlie," he said, "will you and Mr. K— come with me up to the court? My unfortunate girl insists on attending the trial, and I dare not refuse her."

"As we made our way through the crowd that always gathers at a murder trial, all eyes were fastened upon us, and a murmur ran through the room. Mr. Gordon, with his daughter, did not appear to notice the attention they attracted, and as for the poor girl, she saw but one person in that throng, and pressed forward towards him. You can guess who he was.

"As witness after witness was examined, and the circumstantial evidence piled up higher and higher against Edmonds, the agitation of Miss Gordon became most painful to witness. Her father gently passed his arm around her waist and drew her to him. As for Edmonds, except that he made an involuntary motion towards her as she entered, he was as motionless as a statue. All his soul seemed concentrated in his eyes, which he never took off his sweetheart during the rest of the trial.

"The fragment of rock, which was found in the wound, was produced, and passed over to the jury for inspection. With their usual morbid curiosity, the spectators near by craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the rock. Amongst those who thus caught sight of the fragment were two gentlemen, whom I noticed immediately engaged in an earnest conversation. They beckoned to me in an excited manner, and I joined them, though with difficulty.

"Is that the stone found in the murdered man's brain?" asked one of them.

"Yes," I replied.

"And the murder is said to have been committed at Bout de L'Isle?" broke in the other.

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the first, "the murder was never committed at Bout de L'Isle or anywhere else, except on Ste. Helen's Island, for this stone is found in no place near Montreal except on the Island."



"I wheeled about, and telling them to follow me, fought my way back to the witness-box. Edmonds' lawyer was just finishing his speech to the jury, and had not made a favourable impression for the prisoner. As he saw us elbowing our way unceremoniously through the crowd, he frowned; then, seeming to understand what we were about, he hesitated and stopped short. I stooped over and whispered to him. He started, and then excitedly addressed the judge:

" 'May it please the court, I have another witness to call, whose evidence will completely exonerate my client of the charge against him. I can prove that Mr. Preston was murdered at Ste. Helen's Island and not at Bout de L'Isle, thus establishing an *alibi* for Mr. Edmonds.'

"The judge answered with some sternness: 'Call your witness, Mr. K——, but if your evidence is unimportant, you will bring upon yourself the censure of the court.'

"A dead silence filled the room as the examination of Prof. J—— began. I need not give you the whole examination, but will just state the chief particulars. It had been shown that Mr. Preston had contemplated visiting Ste. Helen's Island, that he was murdered with a rock, a fragment of which remained in his head, and now, from the species of limestone and the shell in it, Prof. J—— swore that the rock was of Lower Helderberg limestone, and that this limestone is found in the neighbourhood of Montreal only on the Island. Under these circumstances, Mr. Edmonds, who had been proved to have been at Bout de L'Isle when Mr. Preston disappeared, was exonerated.

"When the evidence was concluded, the judge charged the jury, who, without leaving their box, returned a verdict of '*Not Guilty!*' Amid the cheers that greeted this verdict, I heard a woman's scream, and turned in time to see Miss Gordon carried fainting from the room.

"I was invited to a quiet wedding a few months after this, and you can guess who were the contracting parties. I also lived to capture the real murderer, of whom I may give you an account another time."

"B. AP. SC."

## McGill News.

### CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS, 1886.

#### FACULTY OF ARTS.\*

These Examinations include only some of the subjects of the Lectures of the previous Terms.

#### GREEK.

THIRD YEAR—Class I.—Day, Duke; Campbell and Morison and Simpson, equal; Macallum; Bryan and Pedley, equal. Class II.—Lindsay and Mason, equal; Howitt. Class III.—Thurlow.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—McDougall, Abbott, Mack, Sutherland, Nicholls, Kinghorn; Corcoran and Fry, equal; Daley and Hall (R.), equal; Davidson and Martell, equal; Ault and Robertson, equal. Class II.—Tolmie, Colclough, Berwick, Reed; Hall (A.), Mills and Trenholme, equal; McDuffee and Richardson, equal; McGregor, Tory and Walsh, equal. Class III.—Mathewson and Quimby, equal; Cameron, Hunter, Hodges, McCaskill, Paton, Ross.

#### LATIN.

THIRD YEAR—Class I.—Day, Simpson, Bryan, Duke, Morison, Cross and McFee, equal. Class II.—McPhail, Murray; Martin and Bryson, equal. Class III.—Massé and Palmer, equal; England and Murphy, equal; Sweeny.

SECOND YEAR—Class I.—Squire, Stevenson, Reid, Rogers, Gibson, Wilson. Class II.—Henderson, Swanson, Garth, Robertson, Jamieson, Truel, McCusker. Class III.—Deeks, Holden, Walsh, Turner, McKenzie, Lucas.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—Williams, Daley; Abbott and Mack, equal; Corcoran and McDougall, equal; Fry, Scott, Colclough, Dougall, Nicholls; Hall (R.) and Tolmie, equal; Cameron; Davidson (Peers) and Reed, equal. Class II.—Hall (A.); Kinghorn, Martell and Robertson, equal; Hunter, Mathewson, Sutherland, Tory, Botterell (J.), Richardson; Mills, Quimby and Walsh, equal; Cowie and Trenholme, equal; Ault, Davidson (C.) and McDuffee, equal. Class III.—Botterell (J.), McFarlane, McGregor, Berwick, Paton, Hodges, Ross, Elliott, Dunlop, McCaskill.

#### MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

FOURTH YEAR—(Moral Philosophy)—Class I.—Johnston (R.), Murray, Cameron, Clay, Nicholls, Kingston, Brown; McLennan and Whyte, equal. Class II.—Naismith, Deeprope and Henderson and McArthur, equal; Bourne, McLeod (M.) and Russell, equal; Gerrie; Caldwell and Sanders, equal; Langton, McKenzie (M.). Class III.—Galley, Solandt, Medd, McAdie, Meek, Wells, Carpenter.

THIRD YEAR—(Additional Department in Mental Philosophy)—Class I.—McFee, Cross, Lindsay. Class II.—Mason and Pedley, equal; Howitt, Thurlow. Class III.—England, Murphy, Bryson.

SECOND YEAR—(Psychology)—Class I.—McBratney, Wilson; Reid and Squire, equal; Robertson and Turner, equal; Jamieson, Lee, Gibson; Morgan and Stevenson, equal; Darey, Deeks, McKenzie. Class II.—Swanson, Truell, Garth, Henderson, Meighen, Davey. Class III.—Lucas; Gunn and Rogers, equal; Moore, Holden; Austin and McCusker, equal; Walsh, Charters.

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ANALYSIS.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—Abbott and Williams, equal; Nicholls, Davidson (Peers) and Morgan and Botterell (J.), equal; Sutherland and Daley, equal; Pangman and Scott (S.), equal; McDougall, Stayner. Class II.—McFarlane and Mathewson and Vipond, equal; Corcoran; McGregor and Cameron and Kinghorn and Kennedy, equal; Davidson (C.) and Robertson and Berwick and Tolmie, equal; Walsh and Austin, equal; Martell and Tory, equal; Fry and Hall (A.R.), equal; Trenholme, McDuffee and Hunter and Reed and Botterell (J.) and Dougall, equal; Richardson. Class III.—Colclough and Paton, equal; Lee, Cowie and Hall (R.S.) and Mack, equal; Elliott, Dunlop and Mills and Quimby, equal; Davey, Ault, Ross, McCaskill, Hutchison.

#### FRENCH.

SECOND YEAR—Class I.—Wilson, Rogers, Squire, Stayner, Johnson, Truell, Reid. Class II.—Jamieson, Walsh, Turner, Henderson, Morgan, Garth. Class III.—McKenzie and Holden, equal; Moore.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—Davidson (C.), Williams, Botterell (J.), Corcoran, Abbott and Cameron, equal; Mathewson; Nicholls and Reed, equal; Davidson (P.), Claxton (L.) and Scott, equal; Robertson; Elliott and Fry and McDougall, equal; Dunlop and Tolmie, equal; Botterell (J.), Hall (R.S.). Class II.—Martell and McFarlane, equal; Kinghorn and Trenholme, equal; Mack and McDuffee, equal; Colclough, Cowie, Ross. Class III.—Hall (Alex.), Walsh, Morgan, Mills; Nesbitt and Paton, equal.

#### GERMAN.

THIRD YEAR—Class I.—Johnson (H.), Martin, Ritchie, McFarlane, Van Horne, Palmer. Class II.—Cross, Murray. Class III.—Murphy. SECOND YEAR—Class I.—Johnson (H.), Reid and Turner, equal; Meighen, Gibson, Stayner, Morgan (E. M.). Class II.—None. Class III.—None.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—Williams, Abbott; Scott (S.B.), Daley and Dougall, equal; Botterell (J.), Botterell (J.) and Davidson, equal; Macfarlane (M.). Class II.—Morgan (C. M.), Ault. Class III.—None.

#### HEBREW.

ELEMENTARY CLASS—Class I.—Forbes and Bouchard, equal; Vesot, Richardson, Berwick, Sutherland and Tory, equal; Lambly, McGregor, Gunn. Class II.—McCaskill, Hodges. Class III.—Black.

#### ASTRONOMY.

FOURTH YEAR—Class I.—Brown; Johnson (A.R.) and Johnston (R.) and Walsh, equal; Kingston. Class II.—McArthur. Class III.—Nicholls.

#### MECHANICS.

THIRD YEAR—Class I.—Hunter, Le Rossignol, Giles, Ritchie. Class II.—Evans, Cross, Morison, Simpson. Class III.—Massé, Bryson, Naismith (P.L.), Murphy, Duke, Sweeny, England.

#### MATHEMATICS.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—Williams, McDougall; Corcoran and Nicholls, equal; Robertson, Abbott. Class II.—Reed, Sutherland, Davidson (P.), Daley, Cameron, Berwick; Kinghorn and Tory, equal; Scott (S.B.), Botterell (J.T.), Dougall. Class III.—Ault, Walsh (A.W.), Tolmie, Hunter, Davidson (C.), Paton, Hall (A.R.), Botterell (H.J.), McDuffee, Macfarlane, Hall (R.S.); Fry and Trenholme, equal; Cowie, Mathewson, Elliott, Ferrier, Richardson, McGregor, Ross, Colclough, Mills, Nesbitt, McCaskill.



## GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

FOURTH YEAR—Class I.—Murray and Walsh, equal; Brown, Kingston, McLeod, Bourne and McArthur, equal. Class II.—Gerrie, Solandt. Class III.—McKenzie, Hastings.

## OCCASIONAL (taking Geology only).

Class I.—Baldwin, Hunt, Renwick. Class II.—Truax.

## ZOOLOGY.

THIRD YEAR—Class I.—Le Rossignol, *Hunter*; *Cross* and *Giles*, equal; *Campbell*, *McFee* and *McPhail*, equal; *Ritchie*, *Evans* and *Pedley*, equal; *McLea*, *McCallum*, *Naismith*, *Day* and *Simpson*, equal. Class II.—*Palmer*, *Massé*, *Murray*, *Thurlow*, *Murphy*, *Lindsay*, *Morison*. Class III.—*Sweeny*.

## PARTIAL AND OCCASIONAL.

Class I.—Baldwin and Kerruish, equal; Truax. Class II.—Hunt. Class III.—Walters.

## BOTANY.

SECOND YEAR—Class I.—*Wilson*, *Deeks*, *Squire*, *Evans*, *Reid*; *Henderson* and *Turner*, equal; *Garth*, *Truell*; *Stevenson* and *Johnston*, equal; *Kennedy*. Class II.—*Gibson* and *Walsh*, equal; *Jamieson*, *Meighen*; *McCusker* and *Medd*, equal; *Morgan*, *Wells*, *Galley*. Class III.—*Caldwell*, *Carpenter*, *Holden*, *Lucas*, *Mackenzie*, *Moore*, *Robertson*, *Rogers*, *Swanson*.

## CHEMISTRY.

FIRST YEAR—Class I.—*Williams*, *Nicholls*, *Scott*, *Squire*, *Abbott*, *Corcoran*, *Daley*. Class II.—*McDougall*, *Archibald*; *Phillips* and *Sutherland*, equal; *Stayner*, *Robertson*, *Botterell* (*J.*) and *Morgan*, equal; *Berwick*, *Botterell* (*J.*), *Davidson* and *Mathewson*, equal; *Mack*, *McGregor*. Class III.—*Davidson* (*C.*), *Tolmie* and *Tory*, equal; *Elliott*, *Hall* (*R. S.*), *Kennedy*, *Ross*, *Hunter*, *Macfarlane*, *Mills*, *Walsh*, *Cameron*, *Trenholme*, *Fry*, *Hall* (*A. R.*), *Ault*, *Kinghorn*, *Nesbitt*, *Paton*, *Richardson*, *McCaskill*, *Colclough*, *Reed*.

\* Names in italics are lady students.

## Societies.

## UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

The opening meeting of the Society for this term was held on Friday, January 7th, the President in the chair.

After a few introductory remarks, the chairman introduced Rev. Dr. Cornish, who had kindly consented to address the members of the Society. The Reverend gentleman having sketched the literature and learning of the middle ages, went on to give a most interesting and detailed description of the constitution of the Mediæval Universities, after which he briefly noticed the collegiate course, and closed with the remark that we have much to learn from the curriculum of the ancients.

This paper was particularly interesting and instructive to us, as students, showing as it did the origin of many of our customs and institutions. A hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer was carried amid prolonged applause.

After the members had settled a few matters of business, the motion to adjourn seemed to meet with general approval.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

It is now probable that the Y.M.C.A. building will be combined with a dining hall. The scheme of a combined building has met with the approval of both the Board of Governors and the Y.M.C.A. Building Committee. The Governors will, also, grant a site on the college-grounds, if means are raised for a suitable building. They have ordered sketch plans to be prepared.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges is Thursday, January 27th.

## THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

## I.

O wild kaleidoscopic panorama of jaculatory arms and legs. The twisting, twining, turning, tussling, throwing, thrusting, throttling, tugging, thumping, the tightened thews.

The tearing of tangled trousers, the jut of giant calves protuberant.

The wriggleness, the wormlike, snaky movement and life of it,

The insertion of strong men in the mud, the wallowing, the stamping with thick shoes,

The rowdyism, and *élan*, the slugging and scrapping, the cowboy Homeric ferocity.

(Ah, well kicked, red legs! Hit her up, you mud 'y little hero, you!)

The bleeding noses, the shins, the knuckles abraded:

That's the way to make men! Go it, you border ruffians, I like ye.

## II.

Only two sorts of men are any good, I wouldn't give a cotton hat for no other—

The Poet and the Plug Ugly. They are picturesque. O, but ain't they?

These college chaps, these bouncing fighters from McGill and Toronto,

Are all right. I must have a fighter, a bully, somewhat of a desperado;

Of course, I prefer them raw, uneducated, unspoiled by book rot;

I reckon these young fellows, these howling Kickapoos of the puddle, these boys

Have been educated to an undemocratic and feudal-aristocratic extent;

Lord! how they can kick, though! Another man slugged there!

## III.

Unnumbered festoons of pretty Canadian girls, I salute you; Howl away, you non-playing encouragers of the kickers! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, McGill!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Sis. Boom, Toronto! Lusty-throated give it! O, wild, tumultuous, multitudinous shindy. Well, this is the boss;

This is worth coming twenty miles to see. Personally, I haven't had so much fun since I was vaccinated.

I wonder if the Doctor spectates it. Here is something beyond his pleseosauri.

Purely physical glow and exultation this of abundantest muscle:

I wish John Sullivan were here.

## IV.

O, the kicking, stamping, punching, the gore and the glory of battle!

Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, kick. Will you kick!

You kickers, scoop up the mud, steam plough the field, Fall all over yourselves, squirm out! Look at that pile-driver of a full-back there!

Run, leg it, hang on to the ball; say, you big chump, don't you kill that little chap

When you are about it.

Well, I'd like to know what a touch down is, then? Draw? Where's your draw?

Yer lie!

—Adapted.

## Sporting.

## HOCKEY.

The first match for the Hockey Championship was played in the Crystal Rink on Friday, January 7th. McGill faced her old opponents, the Crystals. The Crystals were weakened by the desertion to the M. A. A. A. of some of their best players; while our own boys were demoralized by the holidays. After a very severe struggle, the score stood three to one against McGill.

The most marked deficiency on our side was the want of team-play: this is too evident in most of our matches. During the holidays the whole team was never on the ice: and there have never been enough players to allow of a team-practice. But let the boys practice into better trim, and then try again!



## DREAMS.\*

I sit alone in the empty house  
This glorious summer night,  
Without the sound of even a mouse  
To put my dreams to flight.

The hawk that screamed in the twilight sky  
Is silent now, and flown;  
And the soft footfall of a passer by  
But makes me feel more lone.

My thoughts the happy present leave  
To dream of my future life,  
And in the fancies that they weave  
Thou, dearest, art my wife.

And though on this same lounge I lie,  
I seem not lonely now,  
But dream that thou art standing by,  
Thy hand upon my brow.

I dream, though why, I cannot guess,  
That time has given me grief,  
But that thy loving hand's caress  
Has brought in turn relief.

I hear the voice of a little child,  
The patter of tiny feet,  
Then looking up, meet thy glances mild  
And know that life is sweet.

ARTHUR WEIR.

\* I had long badgered my bachelor friend for some of the early poems connected with his unfortunate love affair and at last, after much hesitation on his part and expressed sympathy on mine, he opened a private drawer in his desk and handed me a manuscript tied with a faded blue ribbon. With his permission I reproduce this poem from among a number devoted to the same subject.—A. W.

## Personals.

F. W. Hibbard, Arts '86, is teaching in Sutton, and is a great favorite.

We are creditably informed that E. De F. Holden has been converted, and is now travelling as a revival preacher. He is an ex-member of class '88 in medicine, and of the GAZETTE directoral staff.

P. D. Ross, B. Ap. Sci., ex-managing editor of the *Montreal Star*, has bought an interest in the *Ottawa Evening Journal*, and has gone to reside in that city. That paper is being run by old McGill men and UNIVERSITY GAZETTE editors, A. H. U. Colquhoun being its editor-in-chief.

Sidney C. Chubb, B.A. '77, was married on the 11th November, at St. James Church, New York, to Mary Eugenia Ely. Mr. Chubb is now a successful lawyer in New York, and resides at 6 East 58th Street. Mr. Chubb was Captain of the old University Company in the Prince of Wales Rifles.

The following members of the Medical class of '86 have passed the final Examinations of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and have accordingly been admitted Licentiates:—Walter W. White, B.A. M.D. C.M.; F. J. Seery, M.D. C.M.; J. A. Kinloch, M.D. C.M.; Thos. J. Haythorne, B.A. M.D. C.M.; F. S. Robertson, B.A. M.D. C.M. Dr. Haythorne was an ex-editor of the GAZETTE in by gone days. We congratulate the boys.

"All alone, my dear child? I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at the club when I call."—"Yes, mamma, but he's at home at other times."

## Between the Lectures.

Professor in astronomy: "Mr. J., can you tell me what constellation the sun will enter next?" "Can't Sir." Professor: "Correct—the constellation of Cancer."

"Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of my marriage appear in the paper under the headline of Hogg-Penn."

Little Bess: "Tommy, do you think Noah took bees into the ark?" Master Tommy: "Why, of course, he did." "But wouldn't they have stung Noah and the animals? Where did he keep 'em?" "I don't know. In the arc-hives, I guess."

He continually played on the cornet, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." The maiden lady next door sent word, with compliments, that she heard his prayer, and would pay a month's lodging for him in advance if he'd move to another part of the town.

According to a correspondent of a daily paper, the handsomest man in New York is a down-town Broadway policeman. When an officer helps a correspondent home in the morning, he should be rewarded; but reward him with hard cash, and not flattery.

Lady (at an intelligence office, about to engage a new servant): "Now, Bridget, in regard to going out visiting, I——" Bridget (interrupting): "O, mum, you kin go out whiniver ye plase. You'll not find Bridget Lannigan hard, mum, nor dictatorial like!"

It is related that one of our young married graduates, going home very early the other morning and endeavoring to steal quietly to the spare room without awakening his wife, was fairly paralyzed by a clear, wide-awake voice saying. "What was the limit, Dear?" She had sized him up.

"Is the earth round or flat?" asked a member of a school committee of a candidate for a position as teacher. "Well," answered the candidate, "I'm not particular about that. Some likes it round, and some likes it flat, and some others likes it square. I teach it any way that suits."

"I shall teach you to speak properly, and then to write as you speak," said a teacher in the public schools. "Poor Billy Wilcox!" said a little voice, apparently involuntarily. "What about Billy?" asked the teacher.—"Please, ma'am, he speaks through his nose—he will have to write through his nose."

Black: "They tell me that your wife is quite a whistler." White: "She is; whistles most of the time." Black: "And you allow it? Don't it annoy you?" White: "It don't annoy me, and as for allowing it, I encourage her in it." Black: "Why?" White: "Because a woman can't talk and whistle at the same time."

Sunday school superintendent (who has just been endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the scholars the lesson of the long life of the prophet Elijah, and the punishment of the irreverent children by bears)—



"Now, can any one tell me why the bears ate the children?" Wee small voice (after a long pause) — "'Cause they thought 'Lijah was too old."

Customs officer, to student going home for the holidays—"What have you in that parcel?"

"Only my laundry."

"Open it and let me see."

Man reluctantly opens package, disclosing shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., and a bottle.

"I thought you had nothing but laundry in that paper. What's in the bottle?"

"Night-caps."

"Pass on, sir."

"That's a chestnut bell you've got up in the steeple of your church, isn't it?" inquired little Johnny Crimsonbeak of the minister, who was calling on his mother, the other day.

"Oh, no, my son," replied the sober man; "why did you think so?"

"Why, mamma told me a chestnut was anything that had been told before, and I'm sure your bell's been tolled before."

Then the youthful Johnny went out to hunt cats.

Harvard Senior (with emotion)—"Yale has beaten us again!"

Cambridge Charmer—"Oh, I'm just too sorry for anything! Was it a race?"

"No; a Yale senior has been lecturing in New Jersey."

"What were his subjects?"

"He opened with 'The Eelgrass Basis of Civilization' and closed with 'How to Be Gentle in Foot Ball.'"

"What can be done about it?"

"I don't see but I shall have to give a course of lectures at the Lowell institute."

Aunt Cecilia (to Lulu)—"My dear Lulu, Mr. Smithers, from England, is coming to-night and I wish you to take a lesson from him in English, he talks so nicely." After the call, she said:—

"Well, my dear, did you hear how nicely Mr. Smithers spoke?"

Lulu—"Oh, yes, aunty; I heard him talking outside to the hackman."

Aunty—"And what did he say, my dear?"

Lulu—"He said, 'You infernal swindler, I'll smash your d——'"

Lesson in English summarily stopped.

"This is a pretty time of night for you to be getting in, Mr. Crimsonbeak!" exclaimed Mrs. B., when her boarder returned home late the other night, slightly under the influence of a full moon, or something more exhilarating.

"Why—hic—, I don't see anything the matter with the—hic—time," was his reply, vainly trying to get his optic on the mantel timepiece.

"Well, if you could look straight enough, Mr. Crimsonbeak, you would see that it is 12.30 o'clock. You should have been home full two hours ago."

"Impossible,—hic—impossible for me to be home full two hours ago."

"And why was it impossible, I should like to know?"

said Mrs. B., looking as though she could chew him up, in her anger.

"Because," explained the jolly man, "because—hic—I wasn't full two hours ago."

We parted in silence, we parted by night,  
On the bank of a beautiful river;  
No sound but a gurgle, as out of my sight  
Swift she sank with scarcely a shiver,  
The nightingale warbled, the stars sweetly shone,  
And though she will rise again never;  
No sorrow was shown for the life that had flown,  
For that cat is silent forever.

## College World.

PROF. Huxley retires on a pension of \$7,500.

FOR some weeks Mr. Herbert Spencer has been unable to go about except in a wheel-chair.

PROFESSOR Goldwin Smith will deliver eighteen lectures on English history this winter at Cornell University.

SOME of the medical students of Toronto have formed themselves into a temperance league, with pledges against drinking and treating.

THE son of the late Ex-President Arthur and the two sons of the late President Garfield are studying at the Columbia College Law School this year.

Mr. Blaine's college days were spent in Little Washington. One of the college buildings is still standing and is now used as the library of Washington and Jefferson College.

HEREAFTER the students at the State Scientific School, Rutgers College, in addition to the military drill, will receive instructions in marksmanship on a range in the suburbs of the city.

GENERAL Henry B. Carrington, of Boston, has presented to the library of Yale University the original manuscript of an address delivered by the Rev. James Beebe, Yale class of 1745, to the soldiers he led to Canada in the French and Indian war.

PRESIDENT Eliot, of Harvard university, often expresses his regret that, owing to the number of his administrative duties, he is able to become acquainted with so few of his students. Harvard men declare that he is the only college president in America whom the students do not nickname.

THE Rev. Dr. E. M. Wood, of the Pittsburgh Conference, has been elected to the chair of Mental and Moral Science and professor of Greek and Latin in Curry Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa. This institution registered in 1885 over a thousand students. It is to be congratulated on this last addition to its faculty.

It has been supposed that the name "Columbia" was first used in America in 1775; but Colonel Albert H. Hoyt has found it in a volume of poems composed in 1761, mostly by Harvard graduates, in commemo-



ration of George II. and congratulation of George III., and in poems printed in the "Massachusetts Gazette" of April 26, 1764.

A sketch of Harvard published in one of the Sunday papers was suggestive in its illustrations, at least, of the new education at the university. Instead of publishing the portraits of the prominent Professors, or of those students having the highest standing in the classes, the portraits of the tennis champion, a football rusher, a crack oarsman, and the Captain of the baseball club are given. What would the founders of the college say if they could witness the new departure?

A SHORT time since, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the eminent and philosophical surgeon, Sir James Paget, speaking of his early studies in botany, remarked that if he could trace no direct advantage to himself in his career as a practical surgeon, from his early studies in botany, "no words could exaggerate their indirect value to him as a mental discipline." Praise of this sort is common with respect to classical studies, but quite unusual as respects the natural history sciences.

At a recent meeting of the authorities of Dickinson College it was decided to admit to the Preparatory Department Robert, the young son of the colored janitor of the college, who recently made application for admission. The matter causes much excitement among the students, and they were informed that those who intended to leave college should hand in their resignations and they would be accepted. All kinds of threats have been made against the colored boy and the officers of the college.

In the German Empire there are now twenty universities, with a little over 28,000 students. The largest are—Berlin, with 4,434 students; Leipsic, 3,069; Munich, 3,035; Halle, 1,518; Breslau, 1,425; Tubingen, 1,403; Wurtzburg, 1,369; Bonn, 1,293; Gotttingen, 1,076; Frieberg, 1,319; Heidelberg (which celebrated this year its 500th anniversary), 1,066. The remaining nine universities are Greifswalden, Marburg, Erlangen, Konigsberg, Strassburg, Jena, Kiel, Giessen, Rostock, with numbers from 1,018 to 313. Erlangen has 909, Jena 650, Kiel 542.

ITALY has twenty-one universities—one more than Germany. They are divided into two classes, those which receive State support and those which do not. The first class includes Turin, Genoa, Pavia, Padua, Pisa, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Palermo, and Messina. Naples has the largest number of students—3,900—while the smallest number—thirty-nine—is found at Ferrara, which was once for Italy what Weimar was to Germany—the seat of the greatest minds of the age—and which, therefore, desperately clings to the privilege of being a university town. Turin has 2,100, Rome 1,200, Bologna 1,160 students. All the others excepting Pavia have fewer than a thousand. Futile efforts have been repeatedly made to reduce this uselessly large number of high schools. Theology is not taught at any Italian university, but lectures on Church history are included sometimes in the philosophic courses.

## Correspondence.

### DINNER OR CONVERSAZIONE.

To the Editors University Gazette:—

DEAR SIRS,—No one can enter the Centre Hall of the Arts Building without noticing some unusual excitement. There is much excited talking and disputing; and cries of 'Dinner' and 'Conversazione' are heard on all sides. The bone of contention is the all engrossing dinner question:—"Are we to have a Dinner or a Conversazione?"

What the dinner is, we all know. But, how will you manage a conversazione? The scheme, as it now stands, is as follows:—that the men students in our faculty hold a conversazione in, say, the Museum or the Molson Hall—that they invite all the lady students—and also outsiders until the whole gathering would number about three hundred.

To look very practically at the question, and from a monetary point of view, the subscription for each man student would be, at most, one dollar. This will remove much of the objection to our dinner. The theological element is 'going solid' for the conversazione, which it never did for a dinner. The ladies, too, must be recognised in any gathering of the 'Faculty of Arts,' constituting as they do about one third of it, numerically. And many of them have expressed themselves much pleased at this scheme.

Some of the Freshies are against the new idea because they know dinners by reputation, only: while very few of the older men care to go in for a dinner when contrasted with a conversazione. Yet, a Senior was heard to say as a valid objection, "Oh! you know, the fellows would want to smoke on such an occasion."

Again, let us see well to the moral worth of the two gatherings. I do not think any one wants to say that the excessive indulgence, usual at dinners, in mere pleasures of sense is ennobling in the least. But I do say that a conversazione would, if anything, tend toward that general refinement, which is the true aim of a college education.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED P. MURRAY.

### BRIGHT AND GRANT ALLEN ON CLASSICS.

To the Editors University Gazette:—

DEAR SIRS:—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently been obtaining the views of eminent men on the importance of studying Greek and Latin. These opinions are, naturally, widely divergent, but I have been much struck by the fairness and clearness with which the case against the dead languages has been put by John Bright, the great apostle of common sense, and one of the few perfect masters of the English language. I append an extract.—"Your letter," he says, "has caused me some surprise and has afforded me some amusement. You pay me a great compliment in asking my opinion on the question you put to me, which is one with



which I do not feel myself competent to deal. As you know, I have not had the advantage of what is termed a classical education. My limited school time scarcely allowed me to think of Greek, and I should now make but slow steps in Latin, even with the help of a dictionary. From this it will be clear that my knowledge of, or any success I may have attained in, my own language owes nothing to instruction derived from the great authors of antiquity. I have read some of their works in English translations; only recently I have read Mr. Jowett's translation of the Dialogues of Plato, and have been more astonished at the wonderful capacity and industry of the Master of Balliol than at the wisdom of the great Philosopher of Greece.

"I suppose the youth of ancient Greece read the best authors of their own country, and the Roman youth the best authors of Rome. To have read Greek among the Romans would not have done so much to create and continue a classic Latin as to read and study the best books of Roman writers. So now, and with us, what can Greece and Rome do for English students more than can be done for them by the best writers of their own tongue? Is there anything in the writings of the ancients that can compare in value for the youth of England with our translation of the Bible, especially of many of the Psalms and some of the Prophets, or with the unsurpassable grandeur and beauty of Milton? If all existing Greek and Latin books were destroyed, is there not in our English classics sufficient material whereon to build a future of which our future need not be ashamed! The learned men who were recently employed to revise the translation of the New Testament were, I presume, especially learned in the tongue of ancient Greece. No one has complained of their ignorance of Greek, but many have been surprised at and have complained of their failure in regard to English. They may have been profound in their knowledge of the ancient classics, but in English equal to the translation they were engaged to revise, they seem to me to have shown more of feebleness than of strength.

"You ask me if I believe that the classics of the modern world are an equivalent, from an educational point of view, for the Greek and Roman classics? I answer that, as probably all the facts of history, or of biography, or of science, and all the reasoning to be found in ancient books, are to be found in modern translations, it follows that the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education so far as the acquisition of knowledge is concerned; and that as the study of the best writers of English must be more effective in creating and sustaining what we may term classic English than the study of any foreign or dead language can be, it seems to follow that the classics of the modern world are, from an educational point of view, an equivalent for the Greek and Roman classics. The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury. It is useful from the fact that science has enlisted it in its service, and it is pleasant to possess, and because it is pleasant it is a possession of value, with those who wander among ancient books and whose association is chiefly with the limited class who are enabled by leisure and temperament to give

themselves up to studies which are not open to the multitude."

Yours faithfully,

W. H. TURNER.

*To the Editors University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIR:—Last week I sent you the opinion of the greatest master of English oratory on the study of Greek and Latin. This week I enclose the dictum of Grant Allen, the most fascinating of English prose writers. The following is the opinion in question.—"It appears to me that nothing could be more prejudicial to the interests of culture in England than the establishment of a real school of English Literature at the Universities. If you wish to kill a study, make it the subject of academical teaching. At the present day, most educated Englishmen know and love the literature of their own country. Many of them also know and love the literatures of Germany, France, and modern Italy. But by far the larger part of them cordially hate and dislike the literature of ancient Greece and Rome; and the reason is clear; because it was made to them in childhood and youth a symbol of drudgery and an instrument of torture in the horrid form of licensed vivisection known as public examinations. If I may venture to obtrude, by way of illustration, a personal experience, I would say briefly that I was a classical man at Oxford myself; took my classical scholarship and honours in due course; and imbibed enough Greek and Latin verse by the way to be made composition master for some years to the sixth form at two or three big public schools. But from the day when fate first happily released me from that intolerable servitude to a false system of so-called education to the present moment, I have never dreamt of glancing at Plato or Æschylus, at Tacitus or Virgil, except for a purely historical or scientific purpose. The bare idea of taking them down and reading them for amusement or culture, as we read Shakspeare and Victor Hugo and Goethe, or as we read true poetry of the present day, like Andrew Lang's or Gosse's or Austin Dobson's (you see, I have the courage of my opinions) would scarcely even so much as occur to the mind of the average classically educated Englishman. He regards all these things as mere 'scholarship;' something that he got over, like chickenpox and measles, once for all, early in life, and need never again trouble his head with. If a school of English Literature were established at Oxford the men who "took it up for Finals" would come to look upon Keats's "Nightingale" as a straight tip for examination; they would discuss the text of Shelley's "Skylark" from the point of view of Mr. Forman's conjectural emendations; they would canvass with great deliberation the nice question why Richard Feveril did not return to Lucy; and they would appraise the place of the "Earthly Paradise" by a comparison of the critical opinions held by Mr. Stopford Brooke and by the author of the selected literature crambook. Dr. Craik and Professor Henry Morley would gain thousands; and English education would lose the one vivifying element it still possesses outside science—the personal study, for pure love, of our great poets, romance writers, essayists and thinkers.



May we never live to see examination papers set in the High on Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, or frightened undergraduates heckled in *viva voce* over the precise signification of the fourth line in the eighth stanza of the Grammarian's Funeral."

Yours faithfully,  
W. H. TURNER

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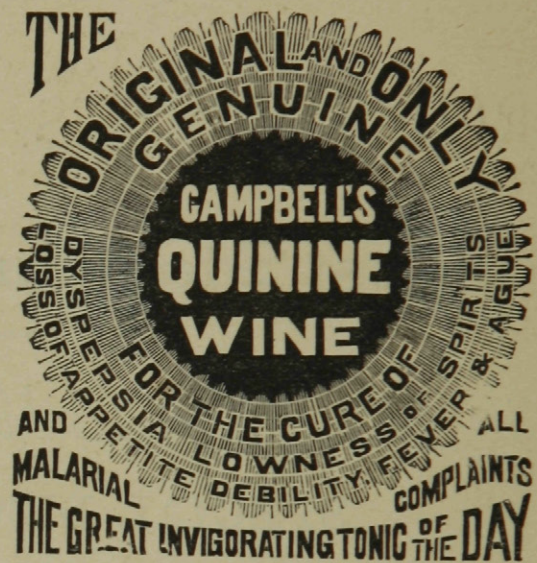
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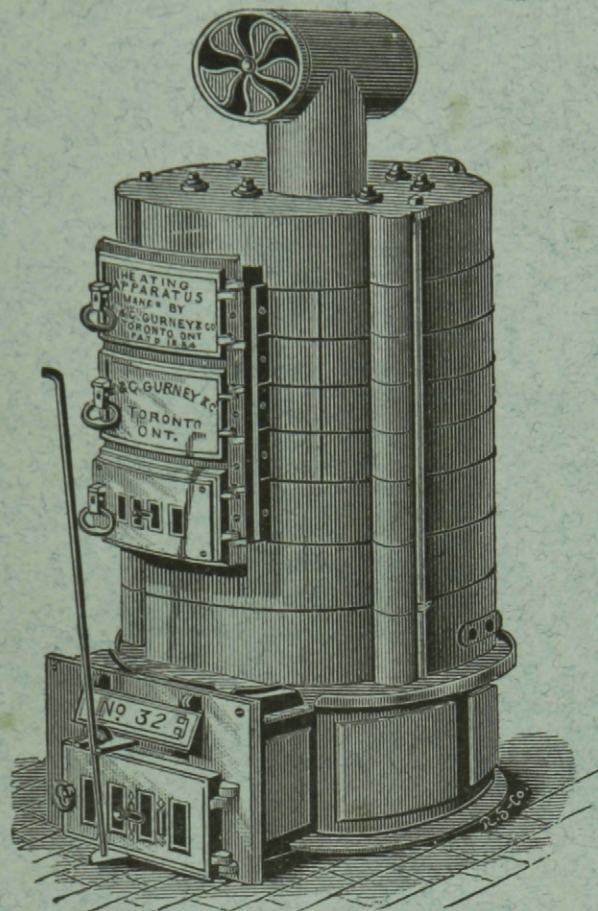
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